

THE CARMELITE

VOLUME I NUMBER 17

WEDNESDAY

JUNE 6 1928

FIVE CENTS

CARMEL BY THE SEA

CALIFORNIA

Betrayal by the School Board

An interesting and frankly scandalous situation has developed this year in connection with the principalship of the Monterey High School. As this is the school which the youth of Carmel must attend until we have at least a Junior High of our own, its problems are ours.

Parents of Carmel have long been more than dissatisfied with the administration of the High School under Principal Graves. So far had the dissatisfaction expressed itself that discussions were carried on with the State Superintendent of Schools, in the belief that the teaching certificate, and with it the right to direct the work of a high school, ought to be withdrawn in the case of this man. The struggle has been bitter and open.

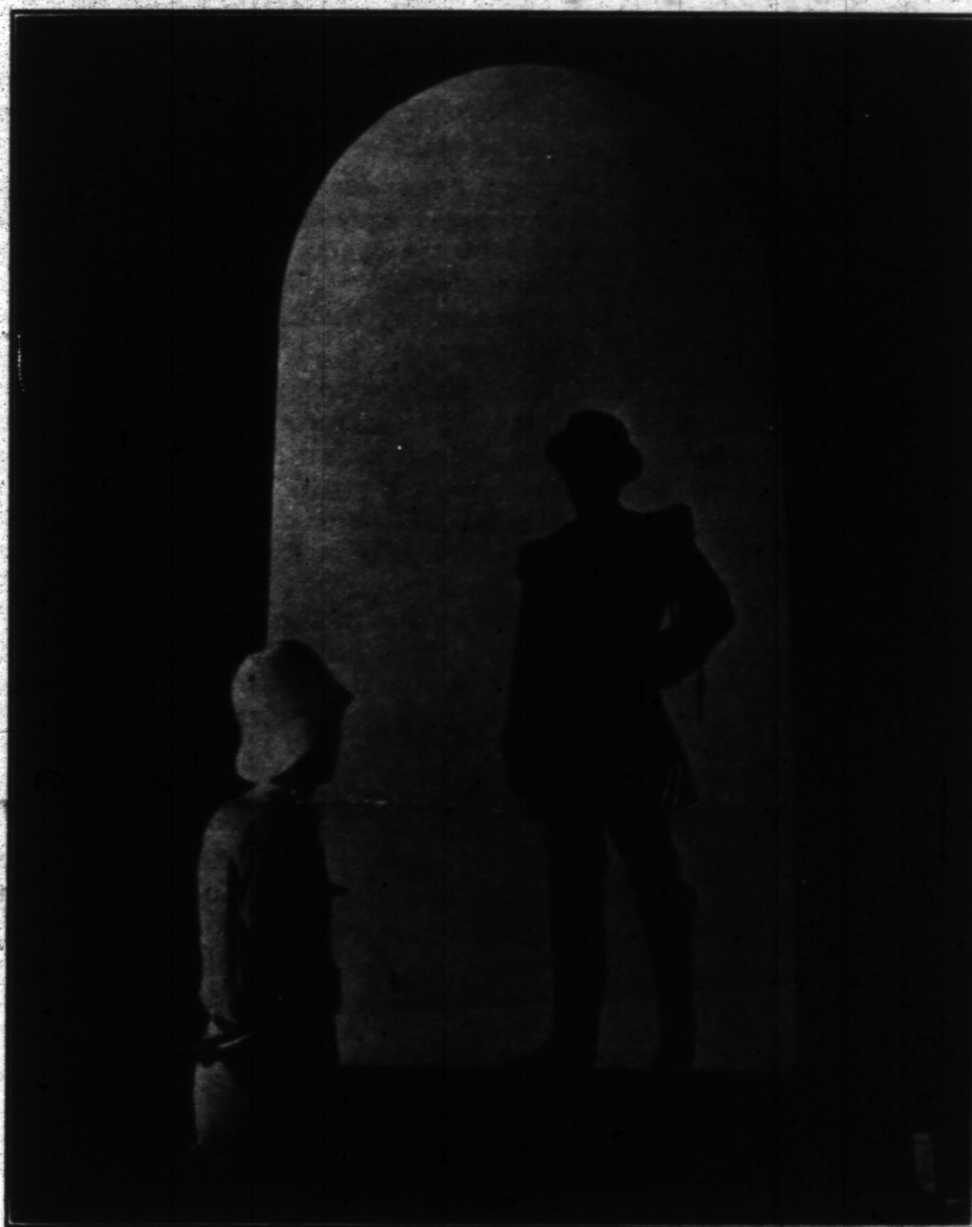
It's a long story. Last winter the vote by people of the Peninsula, defeating the proposed bonds for additional high school buildings, was an official statement of lack of confidence in the present regime.

But Principal Graves is of tougher fibre—a fighter and a politician, who will hold on like grim death. His attitude seems to be that the principalship is a personal possession of his to be fought for by hook or crook. An odd attitude for an educator!

Following the community's vote of lack of confidence, it accentuated this by voting Dr. Sandholdt a member of the High School Board. It was the frank intention of Dr. Sandholdt to free the high school from the grip of politicians, and to work toward the appointment of a competent principal.

Now we come to the climax of the story.

On Saturday afternoon the High School Board of Education met in Monterey. A number of Carmel people were present. To their great astonishment, and that of Dr. Sandholdt of the School Board it was learned—then and only then—that AT THE PRECEDING MEETING OF THE BOARD in May, Mr. Graves had been reappointed Superintendent of Schools, and Principal of the High School. This was done secretly at the meeting, following a bitter discussion on the matter of Mr. Graves' tenure of office, and after Dr. Sandholdt had withdrawn from the meeting.



This remarkable photograph by Sturtevant shows the intense contrasts of light and shadow which accentuated the drama of *The Emperor Jones*, played last week-end at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, with Morris Ankrum in the title role. As a piece of stage-setting, this was a brilliant achievement in dramatically focused simplicity. Through nine scenes the changes in the setting were accomplished by light alone.

PROPHECY

Because their eyes are full of hills
Great heights where the sun beats
Dark shadow-silent depths . . .

Because there is enormous music on the sea
Torn by the cypress from the wind
Split into sound-fragments
Small enough for hearing . . .

Because invisible company moves within the air
Stirring high pastures under their footsteps
Going silently northward with peace upon their faces . . .

Because there is passion and violence in the rock
Wrenched into chasms by a force greater than man's . . .

They who send roots into this soil for blood
Shall bear strong seed.
They shall assume their heritage of kings.
With a great listening shall men hear them come.

—Dora Hagemeyer

Col. Foster Hears Miracles of Air

The Australian Airplane, Southern Cross, has completed the first leg of what promises to be a great achievement in the art of flying—having taken off from Oakland at 8:53 Thursday morning and landed in Honolulu at 12:17 Friday afternoon. This flight marks the first wholly successful use of radio communication to and from an airplane throughout a long air voyage; and it was brought about solely through the genius of a former Carmelite, one Ralph Heintz, now of San Francisco. Heintz lived here as a youngster, was interested in the artistic affairs of the town, and at one time was business manager of Forest Theater productions.

It was he who, against the warnings of Army, Navy and commercial radio interests, applied "short waves" to airplane radio apparatus. Others had all scouted the use of the short waves, which reach out such tremendous distances with the use of such low initial power, on the theory that if a plane can come down at sea nothing but a ship could save its occupants. Wireless operators on ships, as a rule, listen only on 600 meters, the regular wave of shipping. But the 600 meter wave is good for only comparatively short distances. Heintz' claim was that, while ships would be unlikely to hear distress calls on 33 metres, hundreds of the transmitting amateurs ashore would read these signals, and communicate instantly with any of the powerful 600 meter shore stations, which could broadcast the information for relay from ship to ship.

Besides having the ability to cover great distances, Heintz' short wave transmitter is compact, rugged, and simple, takes very little space and little power. The transmitter weighs 31 pounds, as against the several hundred pounds of a 600 meter outfit; and against 143 pounds, the lightest 33 meter transmitter yet developed by commercial radio companies. The importance of light weight is seen when it is realized that the men on the Southern Cross abandoned even the carrying of life-preservers and parachutes to save a few pounds of load they believed would better be carried in the form of gasoline supply.

The airmen of the Southern Cross,
(Continued on page two)

COLONEL FOSTER WITNESSES
MIRACLES OF THE AIR

(Continued from page one)

friends of Heintz, put their faith in him; and on the trip to Honolulu made the greatest demonstration of radio communication ever made from a plane. From start to finish they were in constant communication with stations ashore, and with some ships on their route that carried short wave apparatus—notably the Wilhelmina.

Heintz, who often visits Col. Clair Foster at Station 6HM here in Carmel, had wired Foster when the Southern Cross was ready to leave Oakland, and asked him to stand by as many hours as he could and copy the plane's transmissions. Foster observed and copied steadily from the time the plane took off at 8:52 a. m., until 4:12 p. m., eating his lunch in the operating room at 6HM with phones on his head and pencil going. Then he rested while the plane was 'working' the Wilhelmina, had a hearty dinner, and then stuck to the job until 9:39 at night; had a few hours sleep, and was up and at it again at 4:00 a. m., Friday. With but two interruptions he continued until the signals of KHAB—the plane's call sign—faded out as the sun grew brighter in Carmel at about 7:30 a. m. At this time the plane was nearing Honolulu and was then in direct communication with Station 6XO at Kahuku. The two interruptions referred to were when at 4:30 a. m., Foster called his friend, Andre Guillabert, in Shanghai, and asked him to listen for the plane's signals; and when at 6:45 a. m., he did likewise with W. E. Dixon-Bennett, of Bloemfontein, South Africa. Foster asked both to report their observations to him the following morning.

They did so; Guillabert reporting that interference from transmitters on warships at Shanghai had prevented him from hearing anything. Dixon-Bennett reported that he had heard KHAB, the Southern Cross, from the time Foster had asked him to listen until the signals faded out in South Africa at 9:00 a. m., Carmel time.

So the little Heintz transmitter had made itself heard a little more than half way around the world. The signals travel the dark way; at that time of day the darkness lying over the Pacific and Indian Oceans—the long way around to South Africa. The distance from Carmel to Bloemfontein—the long way—as figured out by Dr. Hamilton Jeffers of Lick Observatory, (himself a transmitting amateur who has talked with Bloemfontein the long way around), is just 14,280 miles. At the time Dixon-Bennett first heard the plane she had gone approximately 2,000 miles of the distance from Oakland to Honolulu. Bloemfontein is at almost the exact antipode of Honolulu.

Wireless operators are not permitted to divulge what they hear over the air except to persons to whom the communications are addressed, but Foster says the running

THE CITY

WHY CARMEL NEEDS ITS OWN ENGINEER

1. The Sanitary Commission is now handicapped for lack of engineering service.
2. The town has never been surveyed, and should be.
3. It needs a careful study for the purpose of developing a system of storm-drains.
4. We have recently spent \$100,000 on sewers. These are already giving trouble, are of inadequate and wrong-sized tile. A constructive study of this is necessary now.
5. Almost all the streets of Carmel need grading. For this a proper, detailed, and unified plan is essential.
6. A properly qualified man, of complete professional and civic integrity, could save for the town of Carmel far more than it would have to pay him. We are at present losing very expensively.
7. The Planning Commission needs an engineer identified with the town and always available. It can't make a constructive move of any kind without such a man—even if it knew how.

The present system of employing an engineer is basically unsound and extremely wasteful of the people's money. Very few of them know it, but it is. You can't expect a man paid by the contractors, and paid as soon as they get their jobs, to represent the people of Carmel. And you can't expect such a man to give more than cursory attention to fixing tax levies—a duty left wholly with the engineer.

The excuse given by the Councilmen that the town can't afford an engineer of its own is plain applesauce. No town whose every serious problem has been neglected as this has, can afford NOT to have its own engineer—at least until it digs itself out of the mire of past mistakes. The statement that we should have to do \$60,000 worth of work a year in order that the present engineer's percentages would amount to the salary of a resident engineer is one man's type of reasoning. That \$60,000 worth would be done for \$50,000 or less under proper direction and control, and would be work that would stand the test of time—as distinguished from the kind of pavement and "sewers" that have been laid in this town—the kind of concrete paving that wouldn't be accepted in the first place by a competent engineer and is already failing physically.

CITY COUNCIL VOTES CONCRETE ROADS

While fog stole up from the Ocean into Carmel, enmeshing the pines, the City Council sat and held its Monday meeting. To pave or not to pave was the question of the evening, and hot was the debate.

Councilman Jordan was all for paving San Carlos with cement, and straightening the curves on the northern end of Scenic Drive and Mrs. Rockwell, at the other extreme, struggled for the minimum of paving, and declared that much ruin had already been done by way of straightening, and that such a policy would produce a checkerboard type of town.

In the end, the council voted to recondition and repair San Carlos from Eighth to Thirteenth, to Mission Road to the City limits; to pave San Carlos with concrete, curb to curb, from Eighth to Fifth Streets; to recondition it from Fifth to Fourteenth; and to straighten and grade Scenic Road from Fourth to the City limit line.

The Council was aware that there might be some protest to this; but thought that the most effective way to learn the desires of property owners regarding the matter, would be to confront them with a decision. If you have any views or protests to utter, prepare to voice them now.

It may be interesting to know occasionally something of the general housekeeping of the City. Total disbursements of the administration for the month of May, for police and fire service, et cetera, were \$2,392.95, including taxi fares of prisoners!

Yes, we do have an occasional arrest even in Carmel, and even a rare jail sentence. One individual last month, given the choice of a fine or thirty days in jail, chose the latter. But after fifteen days in jail at Salinas, he changed his mind and paid the fine. (We must make a study of that jail some day. Why aren't our guests more satisfied?)

story of the little intimate details of the experiences of the men in the Southern Cross throughout the long air voyage was wholly absorbing—the hues of the cumulus clouds through which they were driving at sunset; and bowling along through the night at an elevation of 6,000 feet, with the stars bright overhead, and the clouds below gleaming in the moonlight; a great bird keeping the airmen silent company below and at their right—the black shadows of

their plane on the luminous sea of clouds.

Oh, many marvelous doings in various parts of the world are observed and heard and felt in our little town while most of us are either asleep, or are telling one another what we think of the actions of certain people. Beside these marvels and the devotion of these wireless men to each other, the wire-pulling and back-scratching and scheming, each for his own personal gain, seem sordid and petty.

The
CARMELITE
Calendar

JUNE

- 7 **Recital**—Max Panteleieff and Consuelo Cloos in Tchaikowsky recital at the Greene studio, Lincoln near 13th, at 8:15 p. m.
- 8 **Theatre of the Golden Bough**—Luisa Espinel, Spanish Singer, in costume-recital, 8:30 p. m.
- 9 **Community Dance**—Sunset School Auditorium, 9 to 12 p. m.
- 10 **Divine Service**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science, at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission, at 10:00 a. m.
- 10 **Baseball**—Three Abalone League games in Carmel Woods, 1:00, 2:15, 3:30 p. m.
- 10 **Women's International League**—Open meeting at Unity Hall, Dane Rudhyar, speaker, at 8:00 p. m.
- 14 **Carmel Playhouse**—"The Cop-15-16 perhead," Civil War drama, by Augustus Thomas, 8:30 p. m.

PERRY NEWBERRY DESIGNS
WINNING POSTER

The Serra Pilgrimage, for which elaborate preparation is being made throughout the Peninsula, will be advertised this year, and in future years, by a poster designed by Perry Newberry, artist and editor. The design was chosen this week in a poster competition offered by the Pilgrimage Committee, and is the winner of a prize of \$50.

POINT LOBOS THE SCENE
OF TRAGEDY

A grave accident occurred on Monday afternoon at Point Lobos, when the steering gear of a car driven by Miss Pauline Shaw of Carmel, went wild. The car overturned on the down grade at the entrance to the Point. Miss Shaw was taken to the hospital suffering from shock. But her mother, the only other occupant of the car, met death almost immediately.

THE STEFFENS TOUR

Mrs. Lincoln Steffens (Ella Winter) is the subject of an article in last Sunday's San Francisco Examiner. Mr. and Mrs. Steffens will go in the fall on a lecture trip which will take them to leading cities of the United States.

The literary adventures and achievements of Lincoln Steffens are well known. But those of his brilliant wife, since they took place chiefly in England, are less familiar to us. Coming from Australia at the age of 12, she became a student of Economics and Psychology in London; joined the Labor Party and other radical groups; managed the parliamentary campaign of H. G. Wells; lectured for two years for the London County Councils; wrote, and translated a leading work on modern psychology.

That she is now a mother, the wife of a distinguished man, living in Carmel, must be a relative rest for so vigorous a being. It appears, however, that whenever a leisure moment does turn up, Miss Winter repairs to her own little sanctum in her garden, where she is writing a novel.

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WORLD NEWS

Another victim has presumably been added to the list which has not yet sated public demand for a vicarious glory. General Umberto Nobile and the crew of the Italia, lost for nearly two weeks in the ice-wastes of Northern Spitzbergen, have not yet been found, though an international hunt by air, sea and land, is searching for the missing dirigible.

Another heroic sacrifice is that of Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, a victim of the African Yellow fever, of which he had just identified the cause in the study of his own case.

In the continued absence of an internationally concerted peace, two more nations, Turkey and Afghanistan, have signed a treaty of friendship and collaboration.

Another victory for women may be noted in the decision of an Oakland jury, last Saturday, that Jacob Croter, Oakland City Treasurer and former Assemblyman, must acknowledge and support his four-year-old son, born out of wedlock. One woman in the mixed jury voted for his acquittal.

But women have lost out in Brazil, where the State of Rio del Norte has annulled Woman's Suffrage by a vote of 24 - 7.

The Methodist Episcopal church, in its quadrennial general conference at Kansas City has decided to recognize divorces, receive divorced persons into the church and remarry those whose divorce is approved by the officiating minister.

Chang Tso-Lin, for two years dictator of Peking, has withdrawn before the advance of the Nationalist army of China. Peking has witnessed the miracle of an army retreating without looting and now peacefully awaits its new ruler. South of the Great Wall, Nationalism is now supreme in China.

Lindbergh achieved his first 'surprise hit' when he managed, unheralded, to visit San Francisco on Saturday.

The passage of the great plane, The Southern Cross, from San Francisco to Australia, marks another great event in flying. Colonel Foster in Carmel has been an intent listener to its radio reports throughout its dramatic journey.

PETER'S PARAGRAPHS

The Carmelite has changed hands; and brains. Not its mind.

There may be strenuous opinions to express, but they need not be too strenuously expressed. The surer one is, the surer one is wrong.

We should only temporarily and involuntarily forget, now and then, that we must be wrong when we are most in earnest, which, in this column, will be never.

* * *

The Power Trust has been subsidizing editors and newspapers, professors and teachers, and colleges, schools, and text-books. People are publicly shocked, and privately indignant.

Why?

Isn't it plain that big business cannot exist and prosper without corrupting, not only politicians, but the public mind: the culture of our civilization.

Men who own our water, light, and other necessities, have to make us believe all is well, else we would not let them live on us, the way bugs live on the flowers in our gardens. And after all, our flowers do live; they don't think much, but they blossom.

* * *

George Bernard Shaw, one of the most intelligent thinkers of our age, has written what he himself calls his "last will and testament to humanity." Shaw is over seventy, and into this work he has put his lifetime's thought, experience and philosophy, arming it with his weapons of wit, satire and paradox. Thoughtful men should, when they are ripe, give us their wisdom (matured from their experience as wine is distilled from the raw grape); this is what, accumulated, forms the wisdom of the races. Yet one of the biggest editorial writers in this country, makes the following statement in his nation-read column:

"George Bernard Shaw, becoming less important and less accurate after seventy, declares that accumulated money is the root of all evil." Is this not corruption?

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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

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Pauline G. Schindler, Ella Winter Steffens, Dora Hagemeyer, La dlaw Williams

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Susan Porter, Foreign Correspondent; Caroline Blackman, and Daise Rudhyar

OFFICE STAFF

Virginia Tooker

EDITORIALS

WITH THIS NUMBER, the Carmelite enters new adventure. It comes today under the editorship of a new group.

But why should any new group undertake such a task, and what is their purpose?

They undertake it first as an adventure; second, in order to open new channels through which life may flow; and third, in active disbelief of the view commonly held that a news periodical must assume a higher intelligence on the part of any community.

The intelligence tests made during the War, which rated the average man as a mental twelve or sixteen year-old who would never really grow up, have frightened many an editor. We propose to assume a higher intelligence level in Carmel.

Not that we make a lofty gesture of any sort! We lift no eyebrow, so much as a quarter of a fraction.

But what we should like to assume, is a sort of comradeship of minds, among ourselves and our readers, (Although as we look back over some of the copy we ourselves have produced for the printer this week, we are a trifle embarrassed) so that we do not have to disguise a liberal view or a modern attitude. We should like to take it for granted that the rest of the modern world also cares to lift its head high above the fog with which the ordinary newspaper clouds the thinking of its readers, and evades any true statement of life.

As we look back over the printer's proof of this issue, we acknowledge that we have not written altogether frankly. It is acutely difficult not to slip into editorial evasiveness. One writes softly, quenching the impulse to shout, "This thing was atrociously done!" or "That man is a known scoundrel!" or "This event was unimportant because it contributed nothing whatever to life."

And on the affirmative side, too, there are difficulties. A newspaper is crowded so full of words. The reader skips through them at lightning speed. A poem, a philosophy, a masterpiece of any kind, all are crowded into a sort of flat mechanical death by the mangle of the reading process. Sometimes we want to call "Stop! Here we are uttering something living and true. Here we announce an ardent conviction. Or here we have tried to do something very well."

A real poem demands a page, wide-margined and free, a solitude of its own. In a periodical it is jostled about and jammed like a New Yorker in a subway tube.

There are many difficulties. We the editors, invite you to share them with us.

There is in Moscow a full orchestra which plays quite without the authority of a conductor. If this little periodical might, by the will and the active working together of the community, become an undertaking by many of its best, eager minds, we should not only have enormous fun, but . . . we could make a darn good little publication of it.

(It is of course obvious that to be really useful, it must be much larger. This, with the help of the lords the advertisers, who make all things possible, we will do.)

Meantime we invite from the community as an inclusive whole, that active and participating response which makes of a periodical a channel of living expression.

The editorial board with which the new Carmelite begins, is an informal and flexible group which does not aspire to unanimity of opinion, but rather toward a broad life-attitude. Its present purpose is to provide the news of the town; to stimulate constructive community attitudes; to give expression to the arts; and to carry forward that thinking which is the culture of a race.

If you really want your own fireplace, a tall pine tree, a glimpse of the ocean, they are yours for a little thought, a little work.

Elizabeth McClung White

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THAT, Fire always walks arm in arm with death?

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THAT, the greatest loss of life occurs in home fires?

THAT, 5950 little lives were snuffed out by fire, last year.

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Don't wait until grim tragedy visits you.

Don't let your home be Next—Protect it TODAY.

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8:30 p. m.

ADMISSION \$1.00, \$1.50

SAT. and SUN. JUNE 9, 10

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7:30 P. M.

ADMISSION 35, 50 cents

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Friday, June 8

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Carmel

THE ARTS . . .

ANKRUM AND THE EMPEROR JONES

"The Emperor Jones" of Eugene O'Neill, played at the Theatre of the Golden Bough last week, was a great play superbly done.

As director, Morris Ankrum gave proof of that quietly burning ardor sustained and glowing through the production, which nourishes and makes possible a work of art. From the moment, early in the play, when fear dawns upon the confident Jones, playing his game of Emperor among the black primitives of the jungle, and then on through the play, the drums of the natives sound their ceaseless and appalling beat in the distance, ominous and slow at first, but toward the end, accelerating and thickening the menace of the tone almost to madness.

The setting was of a stark, a burning, simplicity. Through eight scenes, it was light itself which changed the scene.

Ankrum played the part of the Emperor with a subtlety, a vitality, and at the same time with a magnificent abandon altogether convincing. He won the immediate respect of hardened players and playwrights in the audience.

That he is here to produce plays of such caliber, combining the finish of the professional with the passion of the artist, is altogether good fortune for Carmel.

Pavilla as the cockney, cleverly set his pale whine against the dark vibrance of the tone of the black.

"The Dreamy Kid," which preceded the Emperor as a curtain raiser, presented an interestingly parallel situation, of a man of the same race, almost destroyed by fear. Its ending was a tension peculiarly sustained, which remained unresolved.

PLAY PRODUCING AS A COMMUNITY SPORT

Peg O' My Heart, played last week at the Carmel Playhouse, may not have been a masterpiece of dramatic production, winsome as was Dorothy Woodward in the leading part. But it was delightfully justified as a community adventure in which many took a happy part. The play-spirit of the rehearsals, the atmosphere of simple comradeship and fun which not only pervades the theatre, but spills over into the out-of-door foyer—these are wholesome and good in any little town. In Carmel, where we perhaps take our "art" too seriously at times, almost as if it were a medicine, it provides a happy release from the energies of youth.

Unsporting as it did appear to "cop" the production dates of a more dramatic venture elsewhere, we are nevertheless won over to the conviction that it is good to have in Carmel a group of players who really play—to whom the drama is a form, not of religion, but of sheer fun. P. G. S.

EVENT EXTRAORDINARY PROMISED IN COSTUME PROGRAM
WITH NATIVE INSTRUMENTS BY LUISA ESPINEL

A rare combination of voice, native costume, pantomime, dance characteristic accompaniment, and personality of rarest charm is afforded in Senorita Espinel's program at the Golden Bough this Friday night. Senorita Espinel is sent out by the Instituto de los Espanos, a society which is partly supported by the King of Spain. She has had such an extraordinary New York success that critics have acclaimed her above Raquel Meller. Senorita Espinel gives the appropriate accompaniment to all her interpretations—the castinets, the "pandeiro," or the piano. At the piano will be Margot Hughes, who will also contribute solos of Spanish music to the program. In Salamanca, Asturian, Valencian, and Andalusian native costume Luisa Espinel will interpret songs and customs of the various "regiones" of Spain.

OPENING OF THE COMMUNITY DRAMA WORKSHOP

The first performance of two original plays will feature the initial bill of the Abalone League's Workshop Drama Night on Saturday at the League's Carmel Playhouse. Eric Wilkinson, whose adventure-mystery novel is now on the press, contributes his playlet "A Question of Time;" and Louise Wolcott presents "I'm Afraid," dramatized from her story of that name.

The third part of the program is filled by a boyhood comedy called "Young America" with two Carmel boys making their dramatic debuts in the principal parts of a fast-moving comedy.

The Workshop Drama Nights will be devoted by the Abalone League to trying out original material and new players. The productions will be kept informal and simple.

GOLDEN BOUGH SHOWS UFA FILM SATURDAY

The authors of "Variety," "The Last Laugh," and "Peaks of Destiny," are the makers of "Adventure Mad," the film to be shown at the Golden Bough this Saturday and Sunday evenings. Very different from the films named above, it bears the high marks of excellence of all UFA productions.

SNAGS OF THEATRE PRODUCTION

Garnet Holme, arrived in Carmel and ready to begin rehearsals for the summer productions in the Forest Theater, has his troubles.

The first play scheduled was to have been "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by one William Shakespeare. Now Mr. Holme comes upon difficulties in casting which lead him to alter his choice to "The Taming of the Shrew." And the fourth of July less than a month off!

Coming Next Week **JUNE 14, 15, 16**
SEATS ON SALE FRIDAYStirring Drama of Civil War Days
"THE COPPERHEAD"
By Augustus Thomas

Carmel Playhouse

Abalone League Theatre

Prices: 50c, \$1, \$1.50 no tax

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EDUCATION

What is education if it is not the bringing forth of those potential qualities which exist in the child? To force facts upon a young mind is like trying to open the green bud-sheath of a flower and pour in water and soil. Rather do we give every opportunity for growth, a place in the sun, and intelligent supervision.

Instead of considering the child's mind as clay to be moulded it is perhaps better to conceive of it as an organic unit like the body—or like a plant. Of what use would it be to try to make a rose of that which must of its inner necessity become a pansy?

A fact which is often overlooked, is that the child is not a confused bundle of energies waiting to be directed, but a very highly organized being, which will call to itself those experiences which it needs for its development. Its inherent nature is just as definite as that of the pansy which refuses to become a rose, no matter how much the gardener likes roses.

The important thing then, is for those who are concerned with education, to create good rational conditions for growth, to study the child so as to be able to recognize at every stage these qualities which belong to its essential nature and then to help it to take its place constructively among others, so that the individuality will neither be submerged nor too publicly dominant.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

COMMENCEMENT PREPARATIONS AT SUNSET

The Sunset School is bustling with preparations for Commencement. Last Friday saw the wind-up of the year's school athletics in the form of a Track Meet. Competition was so lively among the boys that the prize of \$5 put up by Frank Sheridan for the highest general average, had to be divided between four—Thomas Harbolt, Takahisa Miamoto, Bill Durney, and Robert Dalton. Helen Wilson carried the honors for the girls, and Andrew Walls distinguished himself with a record of 8 feet 2 at pole vaulting.

In the afternoon a baseball game was staged between the two picked teams of the school, the Bunnies and the Artichokes. Lemonade to cool the excitement was provided by the Sixth Grade's Tip Top Shop, which coined \$15 during the occasion.

Class Day festivities for the graduating class will be held on Tuesday the twelfth at 2:30. Helen Wilson has written the Class Prophecy in the form of a play, in which each of the children appears as he is foreseen to be in ten years. The Last Will and Testament, as well as the Class History, will be read.

Commencement takes place two days following. Among the songs to be sung by the mixed chorus of the three upper grades, is one composed by Henry Cowell especially for the children of the Sunset School. Rosalie Murphy, president of the graduating class, which numbers twenty-four sturdy souls, will give an address, and diplomas will be awarded.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL UP IN THE WOODS

In the quiet sunlight of the open patio, the children of the Forest Hill School work at their tables. There is a multitude of busy preoccupied sounds. One group of the littlest youngsters sitting at the round table in the aprons are carving linoleum blocks, remarkable carvings representing trees in every stage of growth and decay.

Louis wants to put a house in his picture. Teddy has cut his finger and we quickly cover it with mercurochrome and bandage. Junie has finished carving and wants the paints to print with. In the comparative lulls the teacher can be heard reading aloud while the children work. On the other side of the porch the other groups, one at geography, one computing percentage at blackboards, contribute to the busy quiet hum. Marianne rings the bell, and all run out among the trees for play.

The school continues on through the summer and conducts play as well as study hours for children who are enrolled for the vacation. V. T.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Young Max, aged not quite six, came up to his mother in the garden the other morning to say, "Mother, I've made a poem."

The mother heard and wrote it down. And here it is:

Dancing ferns lift up their eyes
To watch all the other nature
While the boys and girls
Play around and climb the trees;
And the dancing ferns can't lift up their hands
And put their feet on limbs
And climb trees
Just like the other little boys and girls.

But little ferns can do something for you
And the thing they can do
Is show all their spirit and loveliness.

BOOKS

Paul Radin. "Primitive Man as Philosopher." Boni and Liveright, publishers.

LO! THE SUPERIOR SAVAGE!

After pursuing the savage almost to annihilation, cheating him of his birthright, belittling his culture, the white man has lately acquired an almost passionate interest in his primitive brother. A condescending curiosity in the mere spectacular aspects of his life has already yielded to an intelligent study of his significance in the history of human society. Anthropology, in such readable books as Robert Lowie's "Primitive Society" and "Primitive Religion," has led the layman afar from amateur enthusiasms of South Sea voyagers. But even this is not enough: for now Paul Radin in his "Primitive Man as Philosopher" asks us to bow humbly as to a superior. For, as even the moderate Dewey points out, we must conclude from this book that early man was within certain limits more highly individualistic than ourselves, while his moral view-point may prove to be sounder than that which civilized progress has developed.

In the sacred halls of science a mighty roar followed the publication of this book; for Radin has aimed a smashing blow at the application of the evolutionary theory to the history of civilization. The acceptance of his theories would involve the reconstruction of the whole attitude of science toward cultured problems. But the evolution of society is also a pet theory of the intelligent layman. It flatters his satisfaction in his own achievements; for he rarely carries its implications beyond the succeeding generation and therefore never envisages himself in the trough instead of on the crest of the wave. We suspect he will not be pleased to learn that primitive man had already formulated those ideals of conduct and indulged in those speculations which he has held the measure of his own advance.

The comforting belief in primitive man's inferiority rests largely on the group-concept. Social evolution has appeared as the liberating of the individual from group-tyranny, the increasing emphasis on personality. But Radin shows personality to be in fact rampant among the primitives. "Free scope is allowed for every conceivable outlet. No moral judgment is passed on any aspect of human personality as such." But this balanced by a strict responsibility for others whom his actions may involve, as also by an ideal of "self-discipline, self-control and a proper measure of proportion in all things." Could there be a happier blending of Victorian social morality and modern individualism?

In his conception of the tragedy of life, the primitive turns out to be no less modernistic: for he understood the doom involved in his own contending passions as well as the fatality of man's strife with man. "Any departure from the basic ideal of proportion in all things leads to tragedy." "Death is the lot of all who sin against reality."

Our misconception of primitive life, Radin insists, is due to our having concerned ourselves only with the beliefs and customs of the non-intellectual class. But among primitives "there exists the same distribution of temperament and ability as among us. All mankind falls into two classes—the man of action and the thinker. It is with the latter, as the title suggests, that Radin is chiefly concerned. He reveals him not merely as evolving an ethical idea of social relationships, but sturdily whacking at such tough nuts as "an analysis of reality and the external world," "the nature of the ego and of human personality,"—"the nature of God" and even "speculation for its own sake." He is the sceptic and the cynic no less than the lyric singer, the conscious symbolist and the "tough-minded man," whose strong sense of reality is stripped of all that false and sentimental haze so universal among civilized peoples. "Truly we must admit with Boas that 'everywhere . . . the mental processes of men are the same.'"

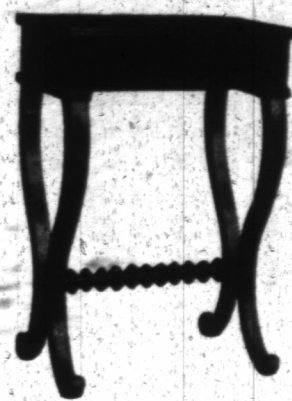
Not the least interesting nor the least 'modernistic' pages of the book are given up to translations of the myths, axioms and songs, illustrative of its theme. And here again do we not seem to hear the twentieth century announcing: "What does life consist of but love?" "Of what value is it to kill?" "If you hit a child, you will merely put more naughtiness into it." "Do not be haughty with your husband!" Or has feminism achieved a more perfect expression than:

"I had a dream last night:
I dreamt my husband took a second wife;
So I took my little basket and I said before I left,
'There are plenty of men.'"
—Katherine Parrott Gorringe.

FARDIA SPEAKS

Like the young crescent moon,
Like a star in still water,
Like a sword, is Fionavar.
Redder than dawn she is,
Stranger than death.

—From The Wind of Fionavara, by Ella Young,
of Ireland and Carmel.



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VIOLA WORDENTeacher of
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Dolores Street Telephone 71**CONFLICTS AND BEYOND**

Dane Rudhyar, modernistic composer and philosopher, whose lectures in Carmel have created such a stir, states below some of his convictions concerning Carmel:

"There is in Carmel a strong individualizing, therefore mental, power. I believe it is radiating from the very earth, and from centers of magnetism like Point Lobos. It brings with it tragedy, as every individualizing; thus separating, process does. It stimulates self-assertion, thus argumentation and conflict.

"Carmel is based on the rocks of conflict and the cypress-tragedy of self-assertion, of non-conformism. Thus Carmel seems to me an ideal cradle for any real spiritual group-consciousness.

"I believe we are treading the soil of some very ancient Pacific continent where, tradition says, Man became enkindled by the Promethean fire of self-consciousness. Ever since, human beings have struggled in their attempt to prove to themselves whether this fire means separation or synthesis."

—D. Rudhyar.

INDIA AWAKE

Some sixty or seventy liberals of Carmel heard Mr. S. Houssain, distinguished editor of the New Orient, speak on Sunday evening at the home of Mrs. Esther Teare.

Mr. Houssain spoke of conditions in India under British rule. He was burningly ardent in his indignation. In the two hundred years of British control, schools and education in general have been diminished in India. Parliament has been frank in acknowledging its reasons for this. A nation cannot so easily be kept in subjection when its people are educated. The people are also kept totally disarmed. It is estimated that 60,000,000 people in India are undernourished.

When asked whether he thought the people of India ready for self-government, Mr. Houssain answered that they had had it for five thousand years.

Of the much-discussed book, "Mother India," he said that it had been bought and paid for by British propaganda interests, although written by an American, and that it is not only thoroughly false as a statement on India, but also unfortunately causes a new distrust in India of Americans, who have hitherto been cordially welcomed there.

RUDHYAR TO SPEAK FOR W. I. L.

The Women's International League invites all of Carmel to hear the lecture on Sunday evening, at eight promptly, in Unity Hall by Dane Rudhyar. He will speak on the question "Is Peace Opposed to War as Related to the Ghandi Non-resistance Policy?"

PANTELEIEFF TO BE HEARD IN FAREWELL RECITAL

Max Panteleieff, baritone, who is known to many people in Carmel, and who, with his wife Consuelo Cloos, will leave shortly for New York, to undertake the art directorship of the Russian Art Grand Opera Company, will be heard on Thursday evening of this week in an all-Tchaikowsky program, at the Greene studio, on Lincoln near Thirteenth.

Miss Cloos will sing old gypsy songs, in costume.

Mr. Panteleieff was heard in San Francisco in the recent presentation of the Bach "Saint Matthew Passion," in which he sang the role of the Christ. He was also soloist in the Spring Festival, Alfred Hertz conducting.

Details of the recital, which is public, can be heard by calling Mrs. Rowntree, of the Highlands.

PERSONAL NOTES

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter sails on June 15 from New York to France, to spend the summer in Brittany. Mrs. Porter will send to Carmel, by way of the Carmelite, letters of news and comment on life in present Europe. Seen through her affirmational, yet finely discriminating mind, European life will come to us clearly interpreted. Carmel with its own private Keyserling voyaging about the world!

Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams goes south this week from the quiet of Carmel landscape, to be the guest for some days of Colleen Moore in Hollywood. We anticipate her return as sparkling with epigrams and witty bits, for these movie folk live a life of vivid gayety, and breath-takingly accelerated tempo!

Miss Anna Porter lectured this week at the home of Mrs. Helen Deusner, on the New Russia, whence she has just returned. She commented on the general ignorance of this vast country upon which the average opinion is based. Like others in Carmel, who have spent some years in Russia, she finds it a country good to live in.

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